

IX, 6.

THE
ROYAL SHEPHERD,
AN
ENGLISH OPERA;

As it is PERFORMED

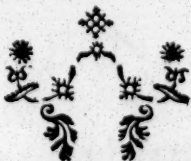
At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

[By R. Rolfe]
The MUSIC composed by Mr. RUSH.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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The ARGUMENT.

AMONG the most celebrated Actions ascribed to *Alexander* the Great, may be well ranked, that of his delivering the Kingdom of *Sidon* from the Tyrant *Strato*; and instead of taking the Dominion himself, restoring the Crown to the next lawful Heir; who ignorant of his Pretensions to it, liv'd as a Shepherd in the Country near *Sidon*; of which a more particular Account may be found in *Quintus Curtius*. Book 4. Chap. 10.

The Superstructure of the Fable, raised on this historical Foundation, will be seen in the Course of the Drama.

S C E N E

The Country near where the *Macedonian* Army is encamped, and in Sight of the City of *Sidon*.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alexander, King of *Macedon*. Mr. *Champnes*.

Amintas, a Shepherd ; who
unknown to himself is }
Heir to the Crown of } Mr. *Vernon*.
Sidon; in love with *Eliza*.

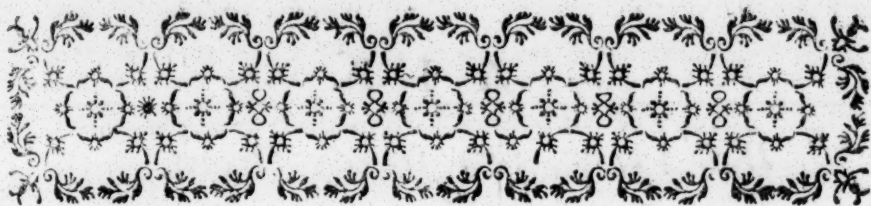
Agenor, a Nobleman of
Sidon; Friend to *Alex-* }
ander; in Love with } Mrs. *Dorman*.
Thamiris.

Eliza, a noble young Lady
of an ancient Family of }
Cadmus in *Phœnicia*, loves } S^{gra}. *Cremonini*.
Amintas.

Thamiris, a fugitive Prin-
cess, Daughter to the }
late Tyrant *Strato*, dis- }
guised in the Dress of a } Miss *Young*.
Shepherdes; loves *Age-* }
nor.

Camilla, a lively young Girl, }
Confident to *Eliza*. } Miss *Wright*.

Sidonian Nobles, Shepherds, &c.



T H E
ROYAL SHEPHERD.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

An extensive Plain. Shepherds feeding their Flocks. Amintas is discovered near the Front of the Stage.

A M I N T A S.

NOT Nature's fairest Face, nor Music's Art,
N Can cheer my Soul, when bright *Eliza's*
absent.

These several Charms of Sound and beauteous Forms
All tend to nothing now, but to suggest
How much She's wanting to their due Effect.

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Well I know, thou friendly Stream,
 What thy gentle Murmurs mean.
 In their Accents soft they say,
 Why, why Eliza keep away?
 Well I know, &c.*

*Enter ELIZA and CAMILLA. AMINTAS,
 seeing them, throws down the musical Pipe,
 and goes to meet them.*

Am. Ah, fair Eliza! Is it you I see?
 Fond Idol of my Soul, what brings you here?

El. To seek you, dear *Amintas*, came I hither.

Am. Heav'n guard your Steps! But ah! reflect, *Eliza*,
 That *Alexander's* Camp is near this Place;
 And that the *Macedonian* Arms all round
 Spread Death and Fear.

El. You wrong the Virtue of our Conqueror.
 Great *Alexander's* Army is our Guard;
 Since he from a Tyrant came to free,
 Nor means his Gift of Liberty to sell
 By seizing on the Throne----He has refus'd it.

Am. Who's then to be our King?

El. The lawful Heir
 Somewhere, 'tis thought, in secret lives unknown,
 E'en to himself at present.

Am. But

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Am. But say where ?

El. To *Alexander* leave that Care. To us
Matters of more Import, I came to tell you.
At length, propitious to our Loves, my Mother
Seconds my Wishes ; and from my kind Sire,
Doubts not to gain Consent.

Am. Ah me !

El. What means that Sigh ?

Am. Alas, my cruel Fate !

You, fair *Eliza*, high Extraction boast,
While I, alas ! a Shepherd, know not mine.
Can you for me resign your noble State ?
Or what have I to offer in Return,
Besides a scanty Flock, and humble Cottage ?

El. Of Heaven complain not : Has it not, to you,
Been lavish of its choicest Gifts ? What though
Purple or Gold it has deny'd, that Form
It gave you ; gave those pleasing Looks ; nay, more,
That worthy Heart, that Heart which conquer'd
mine.

Am. O thou, my sole, my true Delight ! what Joy
Do Words like these infuse ?

El. Soon, soon, no more
Shall we thus separate ; but happy Days
Shall jointly bless us, still together found.

A I R.

*To the Wood, the Field, the Fountain,
To the Lawn, the Dale, or Mountain,
I my darling Flock will guide,
With Amintas by my Side.*

*Humble, though our Cottage be,
Ever dwelling there we'll see
Constancy, with Pleasure join'd ;
Immocence, with Peace of Mind.*

[Ex,

S C E N E II.

AMINTAS *Solus.*

Forgive, ye Gods, my Murmurs, so unjust ;
For surely, if on Earth there's Happiness,
Amintas now is most completely blest.

Enter ALEXANDER, *with a small Attendance,*
and AGENOR.

Agen. [*softly to Alexander.*]

That is, great Sir, the Shepherd whom we seek.

Am. [*not seeing them.*]

While thus entranc'd in Joy, I my poor Flock
Forget ;-----but-----[*is going.*]

Al. Hither, Stranger.

Am. One

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Am. One of the Camp.

Al. His Air, how noble! [*aside to Agenor.*
Gentle Youth, your Name?

Am. *Amintas.*

Al. And your Father's, what?

Am. *Alceus.*

El. Lives he?

Am. No; five Years are past,
Since he to Nature paid the gen'ral Debt,
Leaving a small Inheritance of Land,
But just enough for Sustainance; some Sheep;
A Cottage small; and a contented Heart.

Al. But, 'midst the Dangers of surrounding
Squadrons,
What can defend you?

Am. E'en that Poverty,
Which you may scorn, I prize, and Heav'n protects.

Agen. Can you yet doubt? [*aside to Alexander.*]

Al. His Sentiments surprize,
And charm me equally. To *Alexander*,
The Conqueror, I'll bring you.

Am. No.

Al. Why?

Am. Me, from my fleecy Care, it may detain:
I am not worth his Note: He founds great Empires,
I cultivate a Field.

Al. Yet

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Al. Yet Heaven, perhaps,
May in a Moment change your Fate.

Am. It may.
At present, 'tis it's Will that I'm a Shepherd.

A I R,

*A Shepherd though I am, what then,
That Shepherd's State so low,
I'd not exchange for Rule o'er Men;
Nor wish more great to grow.*

*But, if, against my own Desire,
Heav'n should exalt my State,
Heaven will exalted Thoughts inspire,
And fit me to be great.*

[Ex.

S C E N E III.

ALEXANDER, AGENOR.

Agen. Great Sir, what say you now?

Al. That Sidon's Heir
Undoubtedly lives, in that Youth, conceal'd;
His Speech, his Heart, his noble Air, reveal him;
And strengthen all your Proofs. 'Tis then but just
To yield him up his Birthright and his Throne.

A I R.

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 7

A I R.

*Thus a Cloud expanding wide,
From the Earth, the Sun may hide;
And with Lightning fraught, around
Menace the dry parched Ground.*

*'Till with watry Vapors fill'd,
Forc'd at length its Stores to yield,
It dissipates in kindly Rain,
And fertilizes all the Plain.*

[Ex.]

S C E N E IV.

THAMIRIS, *in the Dress of a Shepherdess*,
AGENOR.

Tham. AGENOR!

Agen. What do I see?----O Heavens!

Thamiris! Princess! Can it then be you,
In this Dress?

Tham. 'Tis to this Dress my Liberty I owe:
That only Good, which now is left me, since
By *Alexander* I'm bereft of Crown
And Father.

Agen. How I've wept; and vainly sought you!
But where, *Thamiris*, have you lain conceal'd?

Tham. The fair *Eliza*, yet, has given me Shelter:
And

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And now I wait your Aid for my Escape
To Climes, where I at least may mourn in Freedom.

Agen. Princess, by me, be better counsell'd. Come
With me to *Alexander*.

Tham. What ! to him,
Who kill'd my Father ?

Agen. Much you wrong him. *Strato*
Would not await the Conqueror's Clemency,
And fell by his own Sword, too much distrusting.

Tham. But would you, that to Chains I should myself
Present my Hands, and to the *Grecian* Dames,
Become a Scoff ?

Agen. Great *Alexander's* Mind
You know not. I attend him now : but quick
To you I will return : and every thing
Make clear.

Tham. But, 'ere you go, say in your Heart
Have I the Place, that I once thought I had !

Agen. Injurious Princess !

A I R.

*Why ask me, fairest, if I love ?
Those Eyes so piercing bright,
Can every Doubt of that remove ;
Nor need you other Light.*

Those

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.

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*Those Eyes full well do know my Heart,
And all it's Workings see ;
E'er since they play'd the Conqueror's Part,
And I no more was free.*

SCENE V.

THAMIRIS *Sola.*

*Ye Gods! you have not been to me so cruel,
As I too rashly have accused you.
What if my Throne, into a lonely Cottage,
You've chang'd; and given me, for the royal Purple,
This rustic Garb; my Lover's Heart you've left me:
Merciful Pow'rs! What is it then I've lost?*

A I R.

*The many dreadful Storms blown o'er,
Already I've forgot.
My Lover's Looks the Calm restore;
And Peace is now my Lot.*

*What if a while, my Stars severe
My Quiet did annoy:
My Heart, that shudder'd then with Fear,
Is fluttering now with Joy.*

[Ex.

C

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

ELIZA, CAMILLA.

El. Ah ! ever memorable Day of Joy !
My Father gives Consent to our Desires.

Camilla, thou hast ever lov'd me much,
And know'st full well with what a constant Passion
Amintas has pursu'd me from our Childhood.
Thou know'st, besides, my Tenderness for him.
Dost not thou, then, rejoice at our Success !

Cam. Ah surely, Madam, I must now exult,
To see you happy, who have always been
So kind, so gentle, so indulgent to me,

A I R.

*What more can a fair Maid delight,
Than, in others Example, to see,
To what Happiness, she has a Right,
If in Love she successful should be.*

*Such a fluttering Hope fills my Breast,
That I pant, though I cannot tell why :
But I fear, I shall ne'er be at rest,
'Till this much desir'd State I shall try.*

El. But where's *Amintas*? In this Place I left him.
He to his Flock is gone : There let us haste.

(As she is going off quickly, she meets Amintas.)

Am. Whither

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Am. Whither, *Eliza*, do you fly so fast?

El. In quest of my *Amintas* I was flying,
My Father waits impatient to embrace
A Son so worthy. Let us haste away.

S C E N E VII.

Enter AGENOR followed in Procession by royal Guards, and the Nobility of Sidon, bringing on Vessels of Gold, the Insignia of Royalty; the Mantle, Crown, Scepter, &c. &c. After them, a Train of Shepherds.

Agen. From me, the faithfullest of Vassals,
This first of Homages, great King receive.

Am. Why this to me?

Go seek some other Object of your Mirth.
If I'm no King, yet I'm freeborn; and though,
To Homage I've no Claim, I have, at least
A Heart not apt to brook Affronts.

Agen. Great Sir,
This Spirit shows your Royalty of Soul;
Permit me then, to pay due Honours to you;
And let me, to yourself, yourself reveal.
You're not *Amintas*---*Abdolonimus*,
Heir and Successor to the Crown of Sidon.

Am. How!

Agen. Yes; your Father, when by that Ufurper,
Strato, deposed, consign'd you to my Care,

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An Infant; and *Alceus* brought you up
By my Direction----It was your Father's Order
That I, to you your Birth should ne'er make known,
Unless the Gods in their own gracious Time,
A Way should open for you to the Throne:
That fair Occasion, *Alexander's* Goodness
Has offer'd to my Care.

El. Transcendent Joy!

O Heav'ns! Is *Amintas* then a King!

Am. A King!

Agén. A King. *Amintas*, *Alexander* waits
With his own Hand to crown you; and now sends
By me, this Mark of Royalty. These are
Your Guards, and Servants. Come without Delay.

AGENOR, the Nobility of Sidon and the Guards,
form again a Procession; and go off in the
same Order they enter'd — *Shepherds*, in the
mean Time, keeping their Station; one of them
advances, addressing himself to *Amintas*.

1st *Shep.* Suffer, great Sir, the humblest of your
Vassals

To pay their Homage, and declare their Joy,
That he, whom private they did most respect,
Is found to be their lawful Sovereign now;
That being found so happily, the Crown
Waits his Acceptance to compleat their Bliss.

Oh!

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 13

Oh ! may he long continue thus the Object,
As well of their great Love, as of their Duty ;
While *Sidon*, profiting by his Example,
Shall see her Sons in virtuous Courses tread,
And become worthy of his royal Care.

2d *Shep.* These are, most gracious Sir, the Sentiments
Of all our Hearts ; permit us jointly then
All to proclaim it with united Voice.

CHORUS.

*Let us, in jocund Song resound
The good Amintas' happy Fate ;
May such high Worth be ever crown'd,
And those, as virtuous, be as great.
Though Homage now his Right has prov'd ;
Yet still to us, he's ever dear :
Him, whom a Shepherd much we lov'd,
Our Sovereign we must now revere.*

SCENE VIII.

ELIZA (*joyfully*) ; AMINTAS (*surpriz'd*).

Am. ELIZA !

El. AMINTAS !

Am. Do I dream ?

El. 'Tis real.

Am. Can you then believe, that ?-----

El. Yes,

To me th' Event's not strange, tho unforeseen ;
Your Looks have always shewn a royal Heart.

Am.

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Am. Heaven's Will be done! But now, I'll to
your Father,
Haste----(*going.*)

El. (*Stopping him.*)
No, a prior Care your Fortune now
Exacts: Your Kingdom and your Throne.

Am. What!
And can you force me from you?

El. My Heart,
O could you see how much it bounds for Joy,
And yet----But no, all your false Fears be hush'd;
Nought but *Amintas*, King, employs my Thoughts;
Nay go, you may offend the Conqueror.

Am. Propitious Gods! your Goodness gratefully
I own,
But can I sacrifice my Love to Empire.

D U E T T O.

El. Go-----Reign---The Throne awaits my Love,
But Oh, if that can be,
Preserve your Heart for me.

Am. Though---I---Should reign, I'll faithful prove:
Yes, on the Throne you'll find
Your Shepherd ever kind.

El. Shepherd! my King you're now.
Am. How cruel is your Fear.

Eoth. { Ye Pow'rs, whom we revere,
To Love so pure, some Favour shew.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Alexander's Pavilion ; and a distant
Prospect of the Macedonian Camp,
with Out-Posts of Guards.*

ELIZA, leading THAMIRIS by the Hand, who
follows timorously, CAMILLA.

ELIZA.

TAKE better Heart : Come on : Consider well,
Your future Bliss depends on this Attempt.

If to *Agenor* now you don't impart

Your settled Purpose, it may be too late.

Tham. Heavens ! how I tremble, and in vain do
strive,

O'erwhelm'd with Fears :

The Danger at a Distance,

Love render'd slight ; but, on the nearer View,

all my Rashness see, and dare not venture.

Cam. Oh Madam, be perswaded to go on ;

wonder you should Courage want so much,

When

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When 'tis to meet a Man you love so dearly :
Though I am young, my little Heart declares
That all this Danger would not hinder me
From venturing forward, were I in your Place.

A I R.

*How oft the fond Turtle I see,
When she seeks her lost Mate o'er the Plain,
Not the Hawk, nor the Kite, then dreads she,
'Till she finds her sweet Partner again.*

*If her soft timid Heart can aspire
Ev'ry Peril to brave for her Dear ;
Sure, in mine, should Love raise a like Fire,
It would soon be superior to Fear.*

*Tham. Alas! of Strato am I not the Daughter?
And are not those the hostile Tents
Of Macedon? If I'm discover'd, Death
I must expect-----Oh, let us fly!*

El. Vain Terrors!

*You then go back. Amintas, I am seeking ;
And know not, therefore, what it is to fear.*

A I R.

*Go, tim'rous Fair ; to Fate resign
The Interests of thy Love :
While I pursue my bold Design ;
And Pity strive to move.*

*(going.
Tham.*

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 17

Tham. O stay, *Eliza*, leave me not alone,
Inspir'd by your great Courage, I will on.

El. Follow me then.

Tham. Alas, I cannot follow!
Why have I not more Courage, at this Time,
To prosecute a Purpose so important.

A I R.

*Tell, O tell, my Lover true,
What I in vain should strive to say:
Well my Heart is known to you,
Its Sentiments do you convey.
What my Soul feels can I explain,
When all Expression 'tis above?
But you know my Cause of Pain,
And know besides what 'tis to love.* [Ex.

S C E N E II.

Eliz. This is the royal Tent of *Macedon*:
Here I shall find my Love, my dear *Amintas*.

Enter AGENOR.

Agen. Whither, fair Nymph?

El. 'Tis to the King I'm going. [going.

Agen. [stopping her.] You cannot see him now.

El. Is he not there, in *Alexander's* Tent?

D

Agen.

going.
Tham.

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Agén. You to that Tent can no Admission gain.

El. I go: But from *Amintas* don't conceal
My fond Impatience; and inform him too,
That I believe the same of him.

Agén. I will.

El. But does *Amintas* talk of me?

Agén. He does.

Incessantly.

El. (*comes back again.*) What does he say?

Agén. I should consume an Age,
In the repeating all his Tendernefs:
But prithee hence.

El. I go. Be not impatient.

A I R.

*Barbarian, can you see my Pain,
Thus parted from my Love:
And grant me not some Light to gain,
That may my Doubts remove.
Can you then see me so distress'd,
And yet no Pity show,
What Heart must dwell in such a Breast,
Unmov'd at so much Woe?*

S C E N E III.

AGENOR *Solus.*

Ye Gods, in the great Heart of *Alexander*,

Second

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 19

Second my Intercession for *Thamiris* ;
Do not her Charms and Worth deserve his Favour ?

Enter AMINTAS.

But whither goes my King in haste so pressing ?

Am. I thought that at a Distance I had seen

Eliza : Why appears she not ?

Agén. She's gone.

Am. Gone ! and not stay to see me ! oh unkind !
I'll overtake her. *[is going.*

Agén. Hold !

[stops him.

Am. Why ?

Agén. Sir, you must not.

Am. Must not ! how's that ? Can aught restrain a
King ?

Agén. Yes, his own Greatness, Justice, Decency,
The public Good, his Reason, and his Duty.

A I R.

All other Passions now must yield ;

Glory its Place regain :

The Lover now should quit the Field,

The King alone remain.

You'll ne'er above the Shepherd rise,

If you the Art to reign,

By reading in a Fair One's Eyes,

Think only to attain.

But

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But I forget, *Amintas* is my King :
I'm but his Vassal, and through Over-Zeal
Have err'd. Forgive me, Sir.

Am. Thus, if you love me
Speak ever. Truth has Charms for me so great,
That I'm enamour'd ev'n with her Frown.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Agenor !
Why remains the King of *Sidon*
Still in his Shepherd's Garb ?

Am. Because, great Sir,
I wav'd the Garb of Royalty until
I kiss'd the Hand which rais'd me to the Throne :
Then at your Feet----- [*offers to kneel,*

Al. [*hinders him.*] No, take a Friend's Embrace.
'Tis I'm your Debtor : Since, to you, I owe
The Pleasure to perform an Act of Justice.

Am. Ye Gods ! how shall a Shepherd fill a Throne ?

Al. By guiding, with a Shepherd's Care, your
People.

Am. Heav'n grant, that, on the Throne, I may
some Honour
Reflect both on the Giver, and the Gift.

A I R.

*Ye Gods ! to me, a lowly Plant,
Oh, give Improvement Scope ;*

That

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 21

*That fully I may answer, grant,
 My Cultivator's Hope.
 Nor may I now, set in rich Land,
 Forget my native Wood :
 Much less the kind, parental, Hand,
 Whence flow'd my present Good.* [Ex.

SCENE V.

ALEXANDER, AGENOR.

Agen. For fair *Thamiris* now's my Time to speak.

Al. Long Intervals of Rest, the Spur of Glory
 Will not admit ; to-morrow then, *Agenor*,
 After I've crown'd the King, *Sidon* I mean
 To leave : And yet I go unsatisfy'd ;
 One Point is wanting to the Good I wish'd.
 That young *Thamiris*, like her Father, should
 Distrust my Clemency ; and, by her Flight,
 Proclaim her Terrors ; greatly now disturb me.

Agen. Great Sir, you yet may exercise your
 Goodness
 On that deserving Object ; fair *Thamiris*
 Has only lain conceal'd, and is at Hand.

Al. Haste, bring her to my Presence : Lose no
 Time.

Agen. I go. [going.

Al. But hold ! A Thought this Moment strikes me.

It

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It shall be so. 'Twill be a fit Alliance.

Quick to *Thamiris* : Tell her, that this Day
I mean to place the Crown upon her Head,
And give her Hand to the new King.

Agen. Her Hand?

Al. Yes, and thus, *Amin*tas
Will mount the Throne: And yet *Thamiris* not
Descend from it. I'll have it so.

Agen. Heaven's What a Stroke of angry For-
tune's this!

Al. You turn all pale, and make no Answer; what,
Can you then disapprove? *Thamiris* is----

Agen. Most worthy of a Throne----.

Al. And such a Thought----

Agen. Of you, most worthy,

A I R.

Alex. *If Happiness through me they gain,
I have not conquer'd then in Vain,
'Tis o'er the Hearts I wish to reign.
The greatest Glory, I've in View
From Victory is good to do.*

[Ex.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter AMINTAS.

Amin. Where is *Eliza*? Would that I could see her.

Agen. Far other Cares must now employ your
Mind.

'Tis Time, now you're a King, to think like one.

Am. What can you mean

Agen. You must forget *Eliza*.

Am. Perish ten thousand Thrones, e're I prove
false!

Agen. He, whom high Heaven has chosen for a
Throne,

It---Hah! *Eliza* comes : Let us away.

Am. Don't think it.

Agen. Then in Pity to yourself,
Remain not here, you'll surely cause her Death,
If you should now accost her, e're you know
What I've to say.

Am. Her Death? You chill my Blood---

Agen. Let us then haste away : For once ; my
Lord,
Bear with the seeming Boldness of my Zeal.

AGENOR

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AGENOR takes AMINTAS by the Hand, and is hurrying him away, on one Side, while Eliza is entering on the other; but is himself stop'd by Thamiris, who meets him: Upon which they all form the following Scene.

SCENE VII.

AMINTAS, AGENOR, ELIZA, THAMIRIS.

Tham. AGENOR, whither fly you?

Agen. Oh ye Fates!

El. AMINTAS, hear me.

Agen. Princess! [to Tham.

Am. My Life! [to El.

Tham. Can it be fight, you thus should make me wait? [to Agen.

El. How could you let me pine so long to see you? [to Am.

Tham. But have you thought of me? [to Agen,

El. Have I been in your Mind? [to Am.

Tham. May I, at length, know what's to be my doom? [to Agen.

El. Still in my King, do I my Shepherd find? [to Am.

Tham. You sigh. [to Agen.

El. You nothing say. [to Am.

Tham. But speak. [to Agen.

Agen. I

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 25

Agen. I would, but cannot.

El. Speak then, I beseech you. [to *Amintas*.

Am. I would, but dare not.

Tham. How!

El. What can this import?

Tham. and *El.* At least explain.

Agen. Too much we have to tell.

Leave us alone together: For a Moment,

Ah, let us breathe in Peace.

Tham. D' y'e hear, *Eliza*?

El. Patience, good Heaven! They from their
Presence drive us.

What do you say, *Amintas*?

Am. I feel the Pangs of Death.

Tham. I understand, *Agenor*.

'Tis my Misfortunes, that have damp'd your Love.

El. I see I'm flighted. Yes; those alter'd

Looks

[to *Amintas*.

Tell me, your Crown has robb'd me of your Heart.

Tham. What! *AGENOR* false!

El. *AMINTAS* too ungrateful!

E

QUAR-

Q U A R T E T T O.

El. to Am. *You mine, alas, no longer are.*

Tham. to Agen. *Ah me! your Love must end!*

Am to El. *Oh Heav'ns! such killing Sounds forbear.*

Agen. to Tham. *Your Words my Soul do rend.*

El. *Have I then lost my faithful Swain?*

Tham. *My true love fled, is he?*

Am. and Agen. *My Heart is bursting with th,
Pain.*

All---- What will become of me?

AMINTAS and AGEN go out one Way, ELIZA
and THAM. another.

End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Inside of a large Grotto in a Rock.

Enter AGENOR, — AMINTAS.

AGENOR.

DO I, my King, irresolute still find you?

Am. No,

Agen. You have determin'd.

Am. Yes, I have.

Agen. And how?

Am. I'm ready to fulfill my Duty.

Agen. *Eliza* and the Throne can't be united.

Am. True. Nor ought he, to whom great
Alexander

Offers a Crown, to thwart his Purposes.

Agen. Happy *Amintas*! What a Store of Bliss
Has Heaven now decreed you in your Partner
She's worthy the Affections of a King.

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Am. I know her Worth, *Agenor*, and already
I love her to that Pitch, I should not think
A Throne without her worthy my Acceptance.

A I R.

*Husband indeed, and Lover too,
From Faith I ne'er will swerve,
But constantly with Ardor true,
My Heart for her preserve.
And justly too, for while she's kind,
My Soul, that's all her own,
No sovereign Joy, no Bliss can find,
Except in her alone.*

[Ex.]

S C E N E II.

AGENOR *Solus.*

At length, I to my Sighs may give a Vent,
And ease my bursting Heart. Virtue herself
Forbids not this Relief. My Faith, my Honour,
I've amply satisfied: And now, to Love
I surely may some Moments grant. Oh Heav'n!
Dearest *Thamiris*! Must I lose you thus?

S C E N E

SCENE III.

ELIZA, AGENOR.

El. Hear me, *Agenor* ; I'm alarm'd, distracted !
What can these idle Tales, these Rumours mean ?
That, on this Day, the Nuptials of *Amintas*
Are with *Thamiris* fix'd ? I'll ne'er believe it.

Agen. Yourself are in an Error, fair *Eliza* ;
It is no Fiction.

El. Can you then believe it !
Can you too join in wronging my *Amintas* ?

Agen. There is no Room to doubt it.

El. How, *Amintas*
Desert me ! No. It is impossible.
You must have been deceiv'd : Whence know you
this ?

Agen. Ev'n from himself.

El. What did he say ?

Agen. That *Alexander's* Will,
Who gave a Kingdom, ought not to be thwarted.

El. Defend me, Heav'n ! What, will *Amintas* give
His Hand then to *Thamiris* ?

Agen. Hand and Heart.

El. *Amintas* thus betray me !

Agen. Your Grief, fair Nymph,
Is just, but unavailing. Comfort take.

El. I

30 THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.

El. I comfort take ! Ah, no !
To *Alexander*, to Mankind, to Heav'n,
I will for Favour, Pity, Justice, cry.

A I R.

*I from my Shepherd ever part !
Oh, no, forbid it Love.
He cannot have so hard a Heart ;
My Death 'twould surely prove.
While then another gets my Swain,
You bid me Comfort take :
And with false Pity of my Pain,
A cruel sport you make.*

Cam. Ah, Madam ! how I pity your hard Fate !
Sure nothing can be more unfortunate
Then at the very Time you seem'd secure,
To find so many Difficulties and Delays.
I think, if it had been my own sad Case,
I ne'er should have been able to have borne it.

A I R.

*Can any Thing give so much Pain,
As a terrible Bar just to meet,
At a Time when a Nymph and her Swain
Imagin'd their Joys all complete ?*

If

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 31

*If it sometime should happen to me
To partake of so cruel a Fate,
I ne'er could endure it I see,
But should kill myself rather than wait.*

SCENE IV.

THAMIRIS, AGENOR.

Tham. AGENOR !

Agen. Assist me, Heav'ns !

Tham. To you, (ironically.

To you, it seems, *Agenor*, is *Thamiris*
Indebted for a Kingdom.

Agen. 'Tis to you,
The Kingdom stands indebted for Acceptance.

Tham. Why the great News not bring to me
yourself. (ironically.

Agen. That Effort was greater
Than I had Strength for.

Tham. Was that Effort, then, (angrily.
Less when you to *Amintas* gave me up ?

Agen. No, doubtless : But the Sight of that fair
Face

Might have seduc'd my Duty. Queen, farewell !

Tham. Hear me.

Agen. I must not.

DUETTO.

DUETTO.

Agen. *Adieu, my Queen ! remember me
When in your happy Days.*

Tham. *What of this Haste the Cause may be,
Does much my Wonder raise.*

Agen. *The Cause too well you know ;*

Tham. *Agenor, say not so.*

Together. { *Tham. To stay would be my Death.*
 { *Agen. Why should it be your Death ?*

Agen. Adieu again, my Queen !

Tham. Where in such Haste ?

*Agen. Where I may, far from your Sight remov'd,
With greater Ease, remember you're my Sovereign.*

Tham. [angrily]

So much Respect, as yet, you owe me not:

*'Twill be more just, when, to your King, my Hand
You will have seen me give.*

Agen. See it I shall not.

*Tham. How ! Not see it ! Know, that, at my
Nuptials,*

I'll have you present.

Agen. No, you must excuse me :

This is my last Farewell.

A I R.

O cease, thou fairest of thy Sex,
 With double Sway to urge thy Will ;
 Nor use thy Power my Heart to vex,
 But let soft Pity move thee still.

In Absence, Misery complete
 Too surely shall I ever find,
 Why then, by staying, would'st thou yet
 Add greater Tortures to my Mind. [going.]

Tham. Where are you going ?

Agen. No Matter where, or what becomes of me.

Tham. [sternly.] And is it thus, that you obey
 your Queen ?

Agen. Sure without me-----

Tham. No, without you my Fortune
 Would charm me less.

Agen. And what would you then have----

Tham. That, to my Happiness, my Benefactor
 Should be a Witness ; and reflect with Pleasure
 'Tis his own Work.

Agen. What Tyranny is this !
 For Pity's Sake, *Thamiris*, don't on this insist.

F

Tham.

Tham. I must : To no Intreaties will I listen,
Nor take Excuse. It is Obedience
That from a faithful Subject I expect.

Agén. Heav'ns !

Tham. Do you mind me, Sir?---You know my Will.

Agén. I must obey. Cruel. cruel Fair !

A I R.

Tham. If you yourself give me away ;
And in another's Arms enthrall me ;
In what am I to blame, I pray,
Why do you cruel call me ?

My Patience your Example be ;
Who, left, don't yet complain,
Nor offer to insult, you see,
And call you faithless Swain.

[Ex.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

The Palace of Alexander.

*Amidst the loud Harmony of a martial Air,
ALEXANDER enters, preceded by the Macedonian Commanders, and the Nobility of Sidon.*

After all have entered, and arranged themselves properly, one of the Sidonian Noblemen steps forward, addressing himself both to the Macedonian Commanders and Sidonian Nobles.

1st Noble. With grateful Hearts, Sidonia's Sons
must view

This glorious Instance of transcendent Goodness ;
While every sympathizing Stranger feels
A glowing Sense of joyful Approbation.
Let then the Voice of Thankfulness and Praise
Jointly proclaim great Alexander's Bounty.

C H O R U S.

Long live, Great Hero, to expand,
O'er vanquish'd Worlds, thy dread Command :
While Tyrants conquer to destroy,
'Tis thou diffusest Peace and Joy,

*Sidon this Day extols thy Name,
Inlarg'd her Blifs, as is thy Fame :
Her latest Annals shall display
Thy Virtues, equal to thy Sway.*

Al. With conscious Pleasure I receive the Honour,
Which your Applauses give for my well-doing ;
May similar Occasions frequent prove,
And may I e'er be ready to adopt them !

A I R.

*Propitious Heav'ns ! who're pleas'd each Day,
Fresh Laurels to impart.*

*Second, moreo'er, I ardent pray,
Th' Impulses of my Heart.*

*If I, a Star of Glory, blaze,
Rais'd by your Pow'r divine,*

*Oh grant, that, of such Star, the Rays
For gen'ral Good may shine.*

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Enter AGENOR *and* THAMIRIS.

Al. But whence comes this Delay? The Sun apace
Declines. Why does not the new King appear?
Where is *Thamiris*?

Tham. At your royal Feet.

Al. Are you the Princess? (*raising her.*)

Tham. I am.

Agen. This is, Great Sir,
The Princess.

Tham. A Debtor to your Goodness. [*to Alexander.*
Heroes indeed forgive their Enemies,
But then 'tis only for an *Alexander*,
To raise them to the Throne.

Al. The Deed itself
Is its Reward to me.

Tham. *Agenor*, Sir,
Has to his Love prefer'd my Greatness. Now,
Whether a Heart so faithful, 'twould be right
And just in me to sacrifice to Greatness,
Let *Alexander* judge.

Al. You lov'd her then? And yet---- [*to Agenor.*

Agen. Hear her; then think, if justly I the Throne
Could of a Soul so great deprive.

Al. And you, [*to Thamiris.*
So grateful could you be?

Tham.

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Tham. Hear him; and say
 Could so much Virtue not deserve reward;
Al. Ye Gods; what Virtue; and what Faith!

S C E N E VII.

*Enter ELIZA, [and throws herself at ALEX-
 ANDER'S Feet.] CAMILLA.*

El. Justice, Sir, Justice! Pity! and Protection!

Al. [*Raising her*]

Rise, fair one. What is your Request?

El. I am

Eliza, come to implore, from *Alexander*,
 Redress of a most cruel Injury;
 A Heart oppress'd.

Al. But against whom, complain you?

El. 'Gainst *Alexander's* self.

Al. 'Gainst *Alexander's* self!

In what, can he have wrong'd you?

El. Of my quiet,

My ev'ry Good; I live but in *Amintas*:
 And 'tis *Amintas*, that he forces from me.

Al. *Amintas*!

El. Yes; from Infancy, our Hearts
 Have been united. Yes; his Heart is mine,
 By long Possession, and by plighted Faith.
Camilla here can prove this to be true,

Cam. Oh yes, I every Word you say declare
 To be as certain as that I'm alive.

Hive

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 39

Have I not heard his Sighs, his Prayr's, his Vows?
If any Thing can bind him, he is yours:
I would not quit a Claim with half the Right.

A I R.

*Vows of Love shou'd ever bind
Men who are to Honour true:
They must have a savage Mind,
Who refuse the Fair their due.
Scorn'd and hated may they be
Who from Constancy do swerve!
So may every Nymph agree
All such faithless Swains to serve.*

Al. It was the Swain *Amintas* gave his Heart,
But *Abdolonimus*, the King, ne'er gave it.

S C E N E the last.

*Just as ALEXANDER has spoken these last
Words, enters AMINTAS overhearing them.
He is dress'd in his Shepherd's Habit; and
followed by Shepherds, who bring in the
Crown, Scepter, &c.*

Am. Sir, I'm *Amintas*; and a Swain still.

Al. How!

Am. These Marks of Royalty; see at your Feet.
Still in my Shepherd's Garb, I joyfully
To my poor Flock, and my lost Peace return.

Al. Is

40 THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.

Alex. Is not *Thamiris* then---

Am. *Thamiris*, Sir,

Of a King's Heart is worthy. But *Eliza*
Does not deserve, that I, to her, my Faith
Should break. She chose me when I was a
Shepherd;

A King, I ought not to abandon her.
I'd rather be a faithful Shepherd
Than a perfidious King.

Al. Ye Powers supream! while what I am'd at, was
The making them all happy; to my Shame,
I wretched make them all: It shall not be.
Such gen'rous Lovers, *Alexander* never
Will separate: Here, *Amintas*, do you take
The fair *Eliza*. And do you, *Thamiris*,
Reward *Agenor's* Constancy and Faith.

(TO AMINTAS and ELIZA.)

In *Sidon*, your own Country, you shall reign:

(TO AGENOR and THAMIRIS)

And as for you, Subjects you shall not be,
I pledge to you my Honour, and my Greatness,
That you shall have a Kingdom. Yes; ev'n tho',
To Virtue great as yours, a Throne's superfluous.

Agen. and *Tham.* O truly Great!

Am. and *El.* O Nobly just!

A I R.

THE ROYAL SHEPHERD. 41

A I R.

El. *Transporting Joy ! elate's my Mind !
Who can their Bliss compare
With what this Hero has assign'd
To be our copious Share ?
Ye Pow'rs Divine, Oh, lend me Aid,
My grateful Heart to show ;
If Gifts so great can be repaid !
I pray to teach me kindly how !*

Alex. But now,

At length, let *Sidon*, see her Sov'reign crown'd.

Am. What in this Garb ?

Al. Yes, in this Garb ! 'Tis likely,
Not, by meer Chance, has Heav'n so ordain'd it,
That you should wear, just at this Point of Time,
What, mystically, may perhaps portend
The happy Tenor of your future Reign,
A ROYAL SHEPHERD is a Nation's Blessing,

C H O R U S.

*Though from a Cottage, now, a Throne,
Amintas mounts by Heav'n's high Will,
Unalter'd, may he yet be known,
And be the ROYAL SHEPHERD still.*

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